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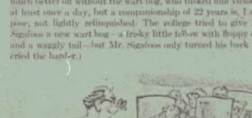
On Campus with Max Shulman

(Author of "I Was a Teenage Dwarf", "The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis", etc.)

COMMITTEES: AN AGONIZING REAPPRAISAL

To those of you who stay out of your student government because you believe the committee system is just an excuse for inaction, let me cite an example to prove that a committee, properly led and directed, can be a great force for good.

Last week the Student Council met at the Duluth College of Veterinary Medicine and Belles-Lettres to discuss purchasing a new doormat for the students' union. It was, I assure you, a desperate problem because Sherwin K. Sigafoos, janitor of the students' union, threatened flatly to quit unless a new doormat was installed immediately. "I'm sick and tired of mopping that dirty old floor," said Mr. Sigafoos, sobbing convulsively. (Mr. Sigafoos, once a jolly outgoing sort, has been crying almost steadily since the recent death of his pet wart hog who had been his constant companion for 22 years. Actually, Mr. Sigafoos is much better off without the wart hog, who barked him viciously at least once a day, but a companionship of 22 years is, I suppose, not lightly relinquished. The college tried to give Mr. Sigafoos a new wart hog—a frisky little fellow with floppy ears and a waggly tail—but Mr. Sigafoos only turned his back and cried the harder.)



Invictus Millstone was a man of action

But I digress. The Student Council met, discussed the doormat for eight or ten hours, and then referred it to a committee. There were some who scoffed then and said nothing would ever be heard of the doormat again, but they reckoned without Invictus Millstone.

Invictus Millstone, chairman of the doormat committee, was a man of action—*like* and *lots* and *lots* and, naturally, a smoker of Marlboro Cigarettes. Why do I say "naturally"? Because, dear friends, active men and active women don't have time to fuss and fumble and experiment with cigarettes. They need to be sure their cigarettes will never fail them—that the flavor will always be mild and mellow—that the filter will always filter—that the pack will always be soft or the box. In short, they need to be sure it's Marlboro—dependable, constant, tried and true Marlboro. Smoke one. You'll see.

Well sir, Invictus Millstone chaired his doormat committee with such vigor and dispatch that, when the Student Council met only one week later, he was able to rise and deliver the following recommendations:

1. That the college build new schools of botany, hydraulic engineering, tropical medicine, Indo-Germanic languages, and millinery.

2. That the college drop football, put a roof on the stadium, and turn it into a low-cost housing project for married students.

3. That the college raise faculty salaries by $5000 per year across the board.

4. That the college secede from the United States.

5. That the question of a doormat for the students' union be referred to a subcommittee.

So let us hear no more defeatist talk about the committee system. It can be made to work!

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You don't need a committee to tell you how good Marlboros are. You just need yourself, a Marlboro, and a match . . . Or if you like mildness but you don't like filters, try Marlboro's sister cigarette—Philip Morris.

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